

## A Dialogue between Father P---rs and William P---n.

F. P. **W**H Y how now *William*? Why so curst sneakingly this morning? Methinks I see the very same silly looks in thy countenance, as the *Ruffianly Irish* Squire made thee put on, when he found thee a bed with his Mistress at *Cork*; who, as they say, by threatning thee with a sound Drubbing, so far extinguisht the Flames within, that thou couldst not forbear *Quaking* ever since.

*Will.* Humh! *Quaking*. Truly Brother P---rs I say unto thee, that were but thy *Actions* as harmless as thy *Wir*, I am almost perswaded I should not have found thee in this *stinking condition*. And I say further, that hadst thou but half so much *Lights* within thee, as that Son of *Belial* left in me, thou mightst have imbib'd a considerable *muchness* of Education, from the example of my prudence in the time of my *Tribulation*.

F. P. As how I prethee.

*Will.* I verily when I foresaw the Timber ready to fall upon my Shoulders, thought it a burden too heavy for me to bear, and wisely withdrew from under the impending storm: And tho my Bowels continually earn'd after the Lady (so called) yet I mortify'd the fleshly lusts of this wicked World, and confin'd the *Out-goings* of the inward Man to the secret Congregations of the Saints; and whenever I find a necessity of obeying the motions of the Spirit, am content to pour out my self upon the Sisters only. Now if—

F. P. Nay but *William*, I must here take leave to interrupt thee, and tell thee, in thine own language, that thou liest, and the truth is not in thee: For altho thou settest up thy self as an Arbitrary Tyrant over the Bodies of the *She-Saints*, inso much that the Fathers of our Society, as well as those of other Orders, do as it were with one voice complain of thee *William P---n*; that tho they herd amongst your Assemblies more now than ever they did, yet are they disturb'd in the comfortable enjoyment of their *Help-meets* by thee the said *W. P.* who dost Traitorously and Maliciously debauch the Holy Sisters from the Duty and Allegiance which they owe unto their Spiritual *Fathers*, and engrosseth them to thy self. Thus I ather P. lost his precious *Rebecca*, thus was

Father S. deserted by the devout *Priscilla*. Nay, they say thou hadst form'd a design of carrying them all away into Captivity to thy *Sylvania*, and shutting them in a *Mussulmannick* Nunnery, called a *Seraglio*, erected for thine own use and pleasure; and for this very reason, say they, thou didst in thy *Declaration* there set forth, give *Liberty of Conscience* to *Jews* and *Mahometans*. Yet notwithstanding all this, thou dost still run a whoring after thine old inventions, to the great scandal of the wicked, and greater anguish of mind to those deluded *Sisters*. Witness the young Gentlewoman whom thou didst lately cause to *squeak* in the Coach, out of which she was forc'd to leap, and run two miles almost up to the knees in dirt, for fear lest thou shouldst have forc'd her further to cry out. Well, but to the purpose again. I'd fain know of thee how I might have been edify'd by the example of thy former *debaucheries*.

*Will.* Why then to deal plainly with thee, know that when thou wast last hopt up in *Newgate*, under the clutches of thy old Friend *Tinus Oates*, I take thy condition to be very near akin to mine, when I was saln into the hands of my *Merciless Irish Persecutor*. Now after so narrow an escape, hadst thou but valued thy Neck half so much as I did my *Shoulders*, or been so terrify'd with a *Halter* as I was with the *Bastinado*, thou wou'dst not have run thy Head into the same Noose, by acting over again the *works of Darknes* of the *Babylonish Where*, but wou'dst abominate them, as I did those of my *Carnal Mistress*.

*F. P.* I thought thou hadst known us better, than to forbid a *Jesuit* to Plot or *act Treason* where ever he comes. But since we are so well acquainted in other thiugs, prethee leave off thy *Cant* for a while, and give me the best counsel thou canst how I shall behave my self in this Juncture of Affairs.

*Will.* Well Father, since we are alone, I shall lay aside the person of a *Quaker* for the present. To deal therefore fairly with you, and like a Friend, is to advise you to rank the Author of *Killing no Murder* amongst your best and soundest Casuists; and follow that wholsome Counsel which he gives to *Oliver Cromwell*.

*F. P.* That is, you'll tell me, to *hang* my self out of the way.

*Will.* Faith you are in the right on't. For I do assure you, there is not one Argument in the whole Book which might not be much better apply'd to your Reverence; besides, a thousand more that could be alledg'd, had I but the time to tell you, or you the *Philosophical* patience to hear.

*F. P.* For satisfaction sake in a matter of *this moment*, pray let's have the heads of some of them.

*Will.*

*Will.* In the first place, all that can be said for the preservation of His *Majesties* Interest and Dignity, directly perswades you to what I now advance. For as nothing can be more serviceable to him, especially at this time, than the united Affections of his People, so nothing can be more effectual to re-enkindle their Zeal for his Person and Honour, than the removal of him who is the only occasion as well of their present discontents, as the *Confusion* they like to be in. Secondly, All the fine things that can be said for the good of your *Country*, Center here too; for what can be more beneficial to it, whilst there is such a Storm a gathering, than by your suspension to deprive its Enemies of their chiefest pretence to disturb the publick repose. Nay, and lastly, If you would but once perform this Heroical Action, the very *Fathers* of the *Society* will bear a part in the publick *Jubilee*; for let your life be never so long, no service you could do them will ever be able to out-balance their Joy, when they shall be in Possession of all those *Guineas* which you receiv'd the other day from *Duncomb*.

F. P. Notwithstanding my condition, I cannot but smile to see thee make such a serious Fool of thy Self; for I can't imagine thee to be so great As as to believe that I ever consulted the Interest of *King or the People*, nor of the *Society* it self, any more than it consisted with mine. Prithce therefore letting all those alone, which are at present the least of my thoughts, give me the best advice thou canst concerning my own Dearest Self.

*Will.* Why if I hold my self up there, I must still continue to exhort you to imitate your *Predecessor Achitophel*, in the best Action he ever did in his Life, and set all things in order and so proceed. For had not you better peaceably go out of the World in a *String of your own tying*, than live to see the Brave and Generous *Church-of-England-men* (for such evn we must confels them to be) to continue in their unshaken *Loyalty* to their Prince, and venture their *Lives and Fortunes* against his Enemies, let their pretences be what they will; and consequently all your Villainous Insinuations expos'd to the just Indignation of His *Majesty*; Your Person to the fury of the People, as your Name-fakes had lately like to have been, and after all to fall into the hands of an unmannerly *Executioner*.

F. P. Well, but I have not behav'd my self so yet, but that I have some Friends remaining still: What think you of the *Dissenters*?

*Will.* As for the main Body of them, you have been long ago sufficiently acquainted with their Sentiments concerning you. And then for our *Pensioners*, you may easily imagine how far you may trust them,

since the Pious *Mr. Alsop*, the Discreet *Mr. Lobb*, the Zealous *Mr. Vincent*, instead of railing against the *Church of England*, according to their Duty, have *tack*t about already, and are bellowing full-mouth'd against the *Abominations of the Scarlet Whore*.

F. P. How do you find the *Quakers* stand affected? I hope you have at least procur'd me some Friends among them.

Will. I must confess my small endeavours han't been wanting, but that damn'd *Simile* of my Brother *Meads Fish-Pond*, does so stick in their Stomachs, that if they should but see one of your Character, they'd presently believe they should be devour'd as fast as the *Devil* in the Picture swallows down *Jesuits*, when he shits whole Armies of Soldiers. Besides, instead of a *Pike*, they take you for a more devouring Otter.

F. P. Well then, my last refuge must be to the *Church-of-England-Men*, some of them have been my *Tools* already, and why mayn't I *Cajole* them so as to make them *serve* again? Tho' the Rascals—

*Enter an Honest Tory.*

Sir, Your most humble, and most obliged Servant; Sir, I heartily kiss your hand.

Will. Verily, *John*, I say unto thee, that I rejoyce greatly to see thee in this place.

F. P. Have you any Service to command me with His Majesty? Would you accept of a *Place*? A *Mandate*? Or a *Commission*? Pray, Sir, make use of me.

Will. O what an inward Joy and Consolation wou'd it be unto me, were I but able to find out a way to assist so good a man as thou art.

Tory. A Pox take ye for a couple of *Driveling Rogues*: Know that I am just now come from waiting upon His Majesty, who has been Graciously pleas'd to admit me to his Hand, and given me a *Commission*, not sullied by the Solicitation of such Villainous *Sycophants* as your selves; which I am resolv'd to execute in his Service to the last drop of my blood. And let me tell you, That as your *impudent Impostures*, by which, for a time, you depriv'd me of my Princes Favour, the greatest blessing any true-Born *Englishman* can enjoy, cou'd not shake my Loyalty; so shan't all your cringeing hinder me from endeavouring to discover to my Royal Master, the Villains that have brought the Nation to this Confusion. [Exit Tory.]

Will. Damn him for an unmannerly Rascal. But How now Father, What's the matter with you, you look as if you were disturb'd?

F. P. I must retire to consider about the advice you have giv'n me.

P I S N I S.

